

And comes not in, ouer-rulde by prophesies,
I feare, the power of Percy is too weake,
To wage an instant tryall with the King.

Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you neede not feare,
There is *Dinglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.

Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.

Sir M. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, *L. Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worcester*, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The speciall head of all the Land together.
The *Prince of Wales*; Lord *Iohn of Lancaster*;
The noble *Westmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many mo Corriuales, and deare men
Of estimation, and command in armes.

Sir M. Doubt not, my Lord, he shalbe well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no lesse; yet, needfull 'tis to feare,
And to preuent the worst, *Sir Michell*, speed:
For if Lord *Percy* thrive not ere the King
Dismiss his power, he meanes to visit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacy;
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:

Therefore make haste, I must goe write againe
To other friends, and so farewell, *Sir Michell*. *Exeunt.*
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle
of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere,
Abov yon buskie hill! the day lookes pale
At his distemperature.

Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And by hollow whistling in the leaues,
Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to thole that winne.

The Trumpet sounds. Enter Worcester.

King. How now my Lord of *Worcester*? 'tis not well
That you and I should meete vpon such tearmes;

As now we meete. You haue deceiued
And made vs doffe oure easie Robes
To crush our old vneasie lims in vng
This is not well, my Lord, this is no
What say you to it? wil you againe v
This churlish knot of all abhorred w
And more in that obedient orbeaga
Where you did giue a faire and natur
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigie of feare, and a portent
Of broched mischiefe to the vnborn
Wor. Heare mee, my Liege:

For mine owne part, I could be well
To entertaine the lag-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I protest,
I haue not sought the day of this dis

King. You haue not sought it: ho
Fals. Rebellion lay in his way, and
Prince. Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It please your Maiesty to
Of fauour, from my selfe, and all our
And yet I must remember you my L
We were the first and dearest of yo
For you, my Staffe of office did I bre
In *Richards* time, and posted day an
To meete you on the way, and kisse
When yet you were in place, and in
Nothing so strong and fortunate as:
It was my selfe, my Brother, and his
That brought you home, and boldly
The danger of the time. You swore
And you did sweare that Oath at D
That you did nothing of purpose
Nor claime no further, then your
The seate of *Gant*, Dukedome of La
To this, we sweare our aydes: but in
It rained downe, Fortune showing
And such a flood of Greatnesse fell

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